

## THE CRADLE SHIP.

Ho! you little sailor,  
Quickly get aboard,  
Now the ship's unmoored!  
Lo! the craft is rocking,  
You the port so grand;  
Land of radiant visions—  
Stumbl'ring!

Mother is the captain,  
Baby is the mate;  
Drowsy eyes are closing,  
For they cannot wait.  
Oh! the sights and treasures  
On that golden strand!  
Sail we to the haven—  
Stumbl'ring!

Gems of rarest beauty,  
All for baby dear,  
Set the watch, and safely,  
To the land we steer.  
Rocked by gentle breezes,  
Ever sweet and bland;  
Oh! the blissful harbor—  
Stumbl'ring!

Stars above are twinkling,  
But they soon will fade;  
Dawn will soon be blushing  
Over vale and glade.  
Ho! you little sailor,  
Then you'll leave the strand,  
Sailing back from yonder  
Stumbl'ring!

—N. Y. Clipper.



## CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Angus caught sight of two white hands, then of a white face, surrounded by clustering hair, as it rose above the surface.

"Courage! Courage!" he cried, and with all the might in his powerful frame he plowed through the water, nearing the form of the one he loved.

Clara heard that cry, and on the instant the thought passed through her brain: "I am saved."

Then she sank again—down, down; strange roaring sounds were in her ears, but her lips were firmly closed.

As that loved form sank a second time from view, so also did the form of Angus Bruce, and when he reappeared on the river's surface he bore in his arms the form of Clara Hill.

He clasped her round the waist with his left arm, and sustained himself on the water with his right.

Her arms were around his neck, clinging as will a drowning person to anything in reach.

"Courage! Dear heart! Courage, Clara Belle! don't clasp me quite so tight, alas, that I must say that! There, so—that will do."

"Hey! Calvin, quick! Mate, quick!"

"Unloose me, Angus, and let me down, else will you drown too."

"Unloose you, Clara Belle? not while life lasts. You are dearer to the heart of Angus Bruce than life itself—when we float the river's surface like a cork; laugh at your fears, you'll never drown, while clinging to Bruce."

"Oh, Angus! Angus! but for you, I should have never risen more."

"Aye, Clara Belle, and but for that lucky fall, I would never have known the happiness of this hour; it will go with me through life, yes, even to the grave."

"Oh, Angus! Angus!"

With her helm hard-a-port, the schooner had rounded to, and now lay athwart the river, her sails flapping idly and emptied of the breeze.

Calvin Stewart, the mate, had lowered the yawl, and with two good men was pulling to the rescue.

When he reached them Angus lifted Clara, with the help of Calvin, into the yawl, and was soon seated beside her.

When the boat reached the side of the schooner, a rope ladder was hanging to the rail, by which to ascend to the deck, and Herbert Lathrop was standing by it.

"Are you strong enough to climb the ladder, Miss Hill?"

"Oh yes, my brave rescuer, certainly."

Then glancing up, she saw at the head of the ladder Herbert Lathrop leaning over the rail. "But you go first, captain, and help me over the rail, for I like not Herbert Lathrop, and but for him, I should not have taken this bath."

"I am glad of that," said Angus.

"O, which? that I like not Herbert, or that I took the bath?"

"Of—of both, Miss Hill," said Angus, as he climbed to the deck.

"Oh, captain!"

As Angus mounted the deck, Herbert said: "A brave act, Capt. Bruce, a brave act!"

"Oh no," said Angus, "none but a coward would see a lady drown; had I stood where you did, when she went overboard, she would have little more than been immersed; now she is well soaked."

Herbert hated Angus Bruce from that time.

"Well, you have done your duty, captain, now stand aside and I will receive Miss Hill."

"Not so, Herbert Lathrop, I never do things by half," and Herbert bit his lips, as Angus lifted Clara over the railing, and followed by the weeping Fannie, bore her to the cabin.

"Don't cry, Fannie! don't cry! the time to cry has passed. I am quite over my scare now—only wringing wet."

"My sister Jennie," said Angus, "accompanied me to Charleston on my last trip down the coast. You will find in the bureau, dresses and clothing that she left aboard—I beg you will speedily make use of such as please you; there is wine in that decanter—now I will go and put on dry toggery, as this is too wet, even for a sailor."

When Angus returned to his berth and changed his clothing, he thought of some of the language he had used, under the excitement of the moment, while he was rescuing Miss Hill, and felt somewhat abashed.

"Clara Hill is not for me," he said, "but by the gods, she will never find a heart that loves her more—I have saved her life for some more fortunate man."

While Angus was soliloquizing thus, Clara Hill was repeating over and over in her mind the words:

"Angus Bruce loves me! Angus Bruce loves me! This," she thought, "is the love of a man; with such a one I could be happy, but that would never do—what would my father and my brother say?—yes, or what would they do, should I even think of wedding Angus—even my mother, I think, would revolt to see her daughter wed a pilot's son, and the captain of a schooner; and yet I knew when I heard his voice: 'Courage! courage! Clara Belle, that I loved him; yes, I do love him as fervently as he loves me—beside him, Herbert Lathrop is a cipher. Oh, Angus! you saved my life, you have my heart; would I could give you my hand. But not so, your image will be graven on my heart my whole life long, but I will be the bride of my father's friend, John Loyd, and now I care not how soon—for then will there be an impassable barrier between the man I love and may not marry, and me."

An hour later the two girls were on the deck, gazing back in the direction of the recent disaster; Clara clad in the Scotch plaid of Jennie Bruce.

"Ah," said Angus, as he approached them, "I have aboard a Scotch lassie now."

"Miss Hill," he continued, aside to Clara, and a deep blush suffused his cheek, "pray pardon me for any words I uttered, when I knew not but that they might be the last."

"Speak not of pardon, Angus Bruce, but for you I should be now lying at the river's bottom."

"This locket, Miss Hill, came from your neck while in the water, when I grasped you first; the slender chain parted and it remained in my hand. I now return it."

"Have you opened its face?"

"Oh no, I would not take that liberty."

"Then do so now."

He opened it, and an exclamation of pleasure fell from his lips.

"Do you recognize the lady, captain?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Hill, it is your lovely self."

"Keep it, captain, in memory of the worthless life you saved;" and with tears in her eyes, as she saw the look on the face of Angus, Clara Hill descended to the cabin.

It was four o'clock when the schooner landed at her pier, and John Loyd's carriage was in waiting.

"Good-by, Capt. Bruce. When do you return to Orton?"

"I take a cargo here, Miss Hill, for Charleston, but will go ashore at Orton and see your father."

"When do you return to Wilmington?"

"In three weeks' time; provided, always, that we have fair winds and weather."

"I shall hope to see you then, and until then—good-by."

"Good-by, Miss Hill. Miss Loyd, good-by," and Angus assisted them to the wharf, where they entered the elegant

carriage of Banker Loyd and were rapidly whirled away, Clara shuddering, as she thought: "The next time I see Angus Bruce I shall have on my finger an engagement ring."

Angus watched the carriage until it turned the corner; then, turning to his mate, Calvin Stewart, a man of some 30 years, who had been with him now two years, said:

"Now, Calvin, get everything in readiness for unloading. I will go ashore and see the consignees. We must unload to-night."

Calvin was a man of Bruce's stature who had appeared in Smithville two years before. He had stated that he had been shipwrecked, and as he was a thorough seaman, bold, fearless and well acquainted with the coast, Angus, having found him trustworthy, made him second in command on board the Clara Belle.

That night they discharged their cargo, and Thursday night were again under way, en route for Charleston harbor.

## CHAPTER V.

"TRULY, MY UNCLE, THERE ARE TWO WHO STAND UPON A MINE."

Clara Hill had been Fannie's guest for a week, when one evening Herbert had been out, and it was fully ten o'clock when he came in.

He softly opened the door and noticed from the parlor door being ajar that it was still lighted. He heard his uncle's voice, and something in the tone caused him to halt as he was about to enter the parlor. The words he heard were:

"My dear Clara, the reason I detain you to-night is to tell you that you are very dear to me. There has always been a warm friendship existing between your father's family and mine; I have asked your father's permission to address you; he may have told you of the result—Clara, I am no longer a young man, I have a daughter almost of your age, but I will love you, Clara, and guard you tenderly while I live. Clara, can you be my wife?"

Herbert Lathrop stood with white

face and clenched hands at the threshold, listening to his uncle's declaration, and breathlessly he awaited Clara's answer.

"Mr. Loyd, I need not feign surprise, for my father told me of the honor you had conferred on both him and me, by seeking my hand—indeed, he is very anxious that I change my name to Clara Loyd, but I do not love you, Mr. Loyd, as a wife should love her husband."

Herbert Lathrop almost smiled here.

"But I honor and respect you," continued Clara, "and if, knowing how I feel, you desire to make me your wife, this hand is yours."

Mr. Loyd took Clara's hand in his, and though he had great attractions for me, though my father is reputed among the wealthiest planters of the state, and you must know that, in accordance with family customs, his oldest son will inherit nearly his entire fortune; in making me your wife you cannot hope to aggrandize your wealth, and as for station—I know of none higher than that of being the daughter of Abner Hill."

"Well spoken, Clara; nor is there. And as for wealth, why, let him keep it all, and even then, so I have you; I have the greater part of it, and you in time will be the wealthiest widow in the Carolinas."

"Pray do not speak of that, Mr. Loyd; remember life is uncertain, and but for Angus Bruce I would not be here to-night."

"True! True! Capt. Bruce shall be rewarded on his return."

"Angus Bruce, Mr. Loyd, would accept of no reward, at least none that you could give him."

"Well, Clara, dear, as you will be the old man's darling, and not the young man's slave, when shall we wed?"

"Let it be, Mr. Loyd, when Clarence and Fannie are united."

"Why, that is the first of June."

"Yes, and at Orton; let our marriage take place at the same time."

"It shall, dear; God grant you may be happy—for myself I fear not. Do you know, Clara, I at one time thought that perhaps you would be won by my nephew?"

"No, Mr. Loyd, there was never danger of that. I detest, and almost fear him."

"In that event, before our marriage, I will have him located elsewhere; it would be but torture to have one around toward whom you feel like that. But I little wonder at it. I sometimes feel as though I was standing on a mine, when I think of his father's record, and were he not my nephew I would not tolerate him—eventually I shall endeavor to establish him in business elsewhere."

"Why, he even had the impudence to ask my daughter's hand in marriage."

"Well, good night, dear one, and happy dreams," and Mr. Loyd stooped slightly and kissed the white brow of the girl, who to please her father, and build up an impassable barrier between herself and the man she loved but might not marry, had promised to become his wife.

"Good night, Mr. Loyd."

Clara was very pale, and tears were in her eyes, as she started towards the door.

Then it was that Herbert Lathrop glided rapidly through the hall. No smile parted his lips, but on his features was a look of malignant hate.

"My uncle, then," he muttered, "would wed Clara Hill, then set aside his sister's son, because he pleases not his wife."

"Clara loathes me, and my dear, dear uncle sometimes thinks he's standing on a mine—look out, John Loyd, for by the gods that made me, that mine shall soon explode, and at the altar you shall never stand, with Clara Hill—Dotard! Fool! ere that I'll have—have what?"

"Your life, my uncle! Yes, your very life!" and shaking his clenched fist at the parlor door he rapidly ascended the stairs, muttering still.

Herbert Lathrop had not been unobserved.

At the time he entered the front door, Aunt Mag, the mulatto housekeeper and old family servant of the banker, was going the rounds to see that the doors were secure for the night. As she was advancing, when just in the shadow of the winding stairs, she caught sight of Herbert Lathrop in a listening attitude at the parlor door. Instinctively she halted, and had seen his pantomime of actions as he stood there, and as he advanced she had observed the passionate look on his face, as well as the clenched hand shaken at the door; and when he was ascending the stairway, just opposite her, as she stood crouching in the recess, she caught the words:

"Your life, my uncle! yes, your very life!"

As Herbert disappeared, the parlor door opened, and Mr. Loyd accompanied Clara to the foot of the stairs, which she ascended, and he retired to his room, which was on the first floor, and adjoining the library, from which a door opened into it.

Aunt Mag securely bolted the front door, put out the lights in the parlor and hall, and she also ascended the stairs.

Noislessly she passed over the soft carpet to the back of the hall on the second floor, and halted before a door.

First her eye and then her ear was applied to the keyhole—her eye saw Herbert Lathrop standing before a looking-glass in his shirt sleeves; he was gesticulating wildly, and she heard him say:

"So, uncle, I can neither wed my cousin Fannie, nor Clara Hill—the one for Clarence, and you would be the bridegroom to the other."

"Watch well, my uncle! you may die ere that, and suddenly—so suddenly—I have it, your death, and in such a manner that Angus Bruce shall appear the murderer—the gallows then for him—two birds with one stone killed."

"Truly, my uncle, there are two who stand upon a mine."

Aunt Mag ascended the stairs, and repaired to her room, and as she sought an important character in some of the events that will follow, it may be well to give the reader some information regarding her.

She had been brought to Wilmington some dozen years before by a trader, who stated that he purchased her at an administration sale.

Her children had been sold and scattered, she knew not where, and her husband had been purchased by a Georgia planter. Mag had been a house servant all her life, and was now fully fifty years of age. Tall, scrawny, and what was usually termed raw boned—nevertheless, her long arms were very muscular, and her large black eyes and jet black hair that hung, when loose, far down her back, proclaimed her Tuscarora origin.

John Loyd had purchased her, nor did he ascertain till afterwards that her mind was somewhat unbalanced, the result, probably, of having lost all that she had ever loved. She had a strange habit of talking to herself, and had some few articles of clothing that her children had once worn. At times she would get them out and talk to them, as though her family were around her; sometimes weeping, at others chuckling or laughing merrily as she recalled some incidents in her early life; but she was a faithful, a cleanly and obedient servant, and after the banker had become accustomed to her ways he would not part with her.

Indeed, he had sought the husband and some trace of the children with a view of purchasing them, but could learn nothing of them.

Such was Aunt Mag; faithful and true, but with a disordered brain; though, disordered as it was, she was not wanting in the necessary steadfastness of purpose and determination requisite to enable her to watch the future movements of Herbert Lathrop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Far Excel Those That Are Afforded by Memory.

Poets have written and troubadours have sung of the pleasures of hope, and philosophers and sages have indulged in retrospective musings on the pleasures of memory. The question is sometimes asked: Which affords the greater amount of happiness, hope or memory?

As an answer to this question, it may be said that much depends upon the individual, the outlook for pleasure and the possibilities to which the thoughts turn.

Where one has had a blissful and perfect childhood and early life, and comes in later years to disappointments, crosses and losses that are so often met with on life's pathway, it is quite likely that memory affords much keener satisfaction than hope.

Contemplation of kindnesses in the past, of good deeds done, of delights in which loved ones may have had a share, are sources of true gratification.

On the other hand, the pleasures of hope amount in many cases to an ecstasy that nothing in memory can approach. Castles in the air are built and tenanted, the golden Arcadia of an unfettered imagination is spread out before the mind and bright dreams fill the waking and sleeping hours. Hope cheers us in our labors. It has been said that if it were not for hope the heart would break. Certain it is that through all trials and tribulations, bereavements, misfortunes and calamities of all sorts, the one untiring sentiment lives in the heart that some day, at some future time, things will be better, and that at last we will achieve that for which we have so long and faithfully striven and come into possession of the kingdom that has, like the will-o'-the-wisp, for so many years eluded our grasp.

Maturity sees much of the roseate atmosphere dispelled, and old age sits down by the fireside to think over the "has-beens" of life. Happy is maturity and age if it can look down on the vista of the past and find more delight than pains to live over again.—N. Y. Ledger

MARKET VALUE OF CAST-OFF TEETH.

I wonder whether all my readers know the value of old artificial teeth when they contain gold in any quantity? If they do not, I should advise them to get good advice on the subject before selling, for there is an enormous demand for such articles in the advertisement columns of the papers, and I suspect that a good deal of swindling is done in the trade. There is one advertisement in which those who have teeth for sale are recommended to apply to a manufacturing dentist rather than to a wardrobe buyer. A lady responded to this advertisement the other day, and got an offer of one pound for her set, but, being dissatisfied with the offer, she took the goods to a pawnbroker, who at once offered her £2 14 shillings for them. If, therefore, a manufacturing dentist is a better purchaser than an old clothes merchant, a pawnbroker would seem to have the advantage of both.—London Truth.

LOGIC BEATS SCIENCE.

A young man, just home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said:

"Do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, 'tain't," said she.

"Yes, it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then why don't it keep off 'therain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.—Detroit Free Press.

A DISEASE.

"What is Scadhunter's business?"

"He puts in his time looking for a rich wife."

"That isn't business; it's a disease."

—Bay City Chat.

Spain was well provided with roads during the reign of Charles V., but allowed them to fall into disuse; now there are but 14,000 miles of highway.

## GEO. W. DAVIS.

DEALER IN  
Furniture, Window Shades, Oil  
Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses,  
Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.

MAIN STREET. - - - - - PARIS, KY.

## W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Fire, Wind and Storm  
Insurance.

THE VERY BEST.  
OLD, RELIABLE, PROMPT-  
PAYING.

## NON-UNION.

## HOTEL REED

Short St., Bet. Broadway and Mill,  
LEXINGTON, KY.

JAMES CONNORS, - - - - - Proprietor.

Rates, \$2 And \$2.50 Per Day.

One hundred good rooms. Electric lights, hot and cold baths, barber shop and Postal telegraph office, etc.

(21jy96-ly)

## TREES! TREES!

FULL stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus and everything for the Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We employ no agents. Try us on prices and see the difference between those of a grower and dealer. Catalogue on application to

H. F. HILLENMEYER,  
(20oct) Lexington, Ky.



Do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and think you can get the best made, finest finish and MOST POPULAR SEWING MACHINE for a mere song. Buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing. There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability, appearance, finish, beauty in appearance, or has so much to recommend it as the NEW HOME.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co.  
CHICAGO, ILL., 32 N. Dearborn St., Tel. 1-1000.  
NEW YORK, N.Y., 100 N. Broadway, Tel. 1-1000.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 100 N. Market St., Tel. 1-1000.

FOR SALE BY  
COOK & WINN, Paris, Ky.

## U. S. REVENUE STAMPS WANTED

BY

T. L. Green, County Clerk, Mt. Olivet, Ky.

I want to buy for cash the following U. S. Revenues, either canceled or uncanceled, at prices annexed when stamps are sent in good condition:

- |   |          |
|---|----------|
| 1 cent Express, red, imperforate.....             | Each.    |
| 1 cent Express, red, part perforate.....          | 5 cents  |
| 1 cent Express, red, imperforate.....             | 50 cents |
| 1 cent Playing cards, red, part perforate.....    | 30 cents |
| 1 cent Proprietary, red, part perforate.....      | 10 cents |
| 1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate.....           | 50 cents |
| 2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate.....      | 5 cents  |
| 2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate.....        | 5 cents  |
| 2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate.....     | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Certificate, orange, full perforate.....   | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Express, blue, imperforate.....            | 50 cents |
| 2 cent Express, blue, part perforate.....         | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Playing cards, blue, imperforate.....      | 50 cents |
| 2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate.....        | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....     | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate.....   | 15 cents |
| 2 cent Playing card, green, full perforate.....   | 20 cents |
| 3 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate.....         | 10 cents |
| 5 cent Express, red, imperforate.....             | 10 cents |
| 5 cent Express, red, part perforate.....          | 10 cents |
| 5 cent Proprietary, orange, part perforate.....   | 10 cents |
| 5 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate.....     | 15 cents |
| 5 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate.....  | 15 cents |
| 25 cent Bond, imperforate.....                    | 50 cents |
| 40 cent Internal Exchange, imperforate.....       | 75 cents |
| 50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate.....         | \$1.25   |
| 70 cent Foreign exchange, green, imperforate..... | \$1.50   |
| \$1 Life Insurance, imperforate.....              | \$1.50   |
| \$1 Manifest, imperforate.....                    | \$1.50   |
| \$1 Mortgage, full perforate.....                 | \$1.50   |
| 1 00 Passage Ticket, imperforate.....             | 1.50     |
| 1 30 Foreign exchange, orange, imperforate.....   | 3.00     |
| 1 30 Foreign Exchange, maroon.....                | 4.00     |
| 3 00 Internal Exchange, imperforate.....          | 5.00     |
| 5 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....            | 7.50     |
| 20 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....           | 20.00    |
| 1 30 Blue and Black.....                          | 1.50     |
| 1 00 Blue and Black.....                          | 2.00     |
| 5 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....          | 5 cents  |
| 6 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....          | 6 cents  |
| 10 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....         | 10 cents |
| 50 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....         | 50 cents |
| 1 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....            | 5.00     |
| 5 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....            | 15.00    |
- I also wish to buy old canceled postage stamps and stamped envelopes of any and all denominations from \$50 to \$100, for which I will pay liberal prices. Address
- T. L. GREEN, County Clerk,  
Mt. Olivet, Ky.

NOTE—The above named stamps can be found on Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Receipts, Agreements, Bank Checks, etc., from 1861 to 1875; also on Proprietary Medicines, Matches, etc.

The foregoing offer is genuine—made in good faith, and will be carried out to the letter in every instance when I receive the stamps I have mentioned in good order. Reference—Mt. Olivet Deposit Bank or any official of Robertson county.

T. L. GREEN, County Clerk.



Can't tell you all about the new styles, handsome designs, beautiful finish, and low prices, but we want you to write for our 1896 Illustrated Catalogue of our goods in this limited space, but we want you to write for our 1896 Illustrated Catalogue. It contains about 200 pages, and cost us lots of money and time; but you can have one free. We have added a fine line of new styles at lowest prices.

ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## THE PAGE COILED SPRING WOVEN WIRE FENCE.



MILLER & COLLINS, Agents,  
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

This is a smooth fence that will turn any kind of stock. It is made from the best hard steel drawn specially for the purpose.

HOW IT IS MADE.

The large steel wires forming the horizontal bars are first coiled around a 4 inch rod, thus practically becoming COILED SPRINGS their entire length. These are securely tied together by 16 cross bars to the rod. The cross bars are best quality of annealed wire (galvanized), wrapped three times around each horizontal bar.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

Being a SELF REGULATOR it is ALWAYS ready for business, slacks up for 30 below as cheerfully as it takes a new grip for 90 in the shade, gently, but firmly persuades a runaway team to reconsider its action. An unruly bull is safe as a canary in its cage; it saith unto the festive hog, "thine ear shall thou go." The fence wind and drifting snow pass by and it heeds them not. There is no terror in the locomotive spark. The trespasser is not led into temptation, and the rail stealer's "occupation is gone." The hired man and the lagging tramp, alike scorn it proffered shade. Like the model housewife, when well supported, it is always neat and tidy.

THREE POSTS TO THE 100 FEET.

Economy is not our sole object in placing posts for farm fence at the unusual distance of 20 to 30 feet apart. Farmers say, "the closer the posts the better the fence." That may apply to common fences, but depending largely on its elasticity we prefer the long panel. For cemeteries, lawns, yards, etc., they should of course be nearer, 10 to 20 feet is not objectionable.

We have completed (and are now building) a lot of this fence for Bourbon farmers and you can examine into its merits for yourself.

Estimates cheerfully furnished. You may put up the posts and we will build the fence, or we will contract to do the whole job. If you are needing any fence, see us. We will save you money and still build you the best fence made.

Respectfully,  
MILLER & COLLINS,  
PARIS, KY.

The Page Wire Fence in Bourbon.

MILLERSBURG, KY., May 4, '96.  
Messrs. MILLER & COLLINS, Agents,  
Paris, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:—I have had the Page Woven Wire Fence on my farm for about eighteen months and am well pleased with it. It has proved to be all that is claimed for it. It turns all kinds of stock and is as tight as it was the day it was put up and has stood some severe tests. A horse of one of my neighbors fell across the fence a few months ago and was not taken off for several hours but when taken off the fence went back to its place all right with the exception of a few staples. During the storm of April 24th a good-sized tree was blown across the fence and bent it down to the ground. As soon as the tree was cast off the fence went up all right and was as good as ever with the exception of one broken wire and a few staples out of place.

I am so well pleased with the fence that I am going to put up more of it right away. Respectfully,  
(5my-tf) WM. BECRAFT.

## LOCUST POSTS.

We are prepared to furnish (at reasonable prices) locust posts by the carload. Delivered at your nearest railroad station.

MILLER & COLLINS.

## CLOTHES CLEANED &amp; REPAIRED.

WE have employed a first-class, experienced tailor to take charge of our cleaning, repairing and pressing department. Work done on short notice. Our prices are lower than others and we will do your work right.

PARIS FURNISHING AND TAILORING CO.  
H. S. STOUT, Manager.  
(24mar-tf)

## W. W. DUDLEY &amp; CO.,

BILL POSTERS,

PARIS, KY.

All Kinds of Posting, Distributing, Etc., Promptly Attended To.

## TOWN LOT FOR SALE.

A 42x110-foot lot, in Williams addition, well located. Will be sold at low price on four payments—one-fourth cash, balance in three equal payments at six, twelve and eighteen months. Address, "L. L." care THE NEWS, Paris, Ky.

